

What fools these Mortals be!  
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

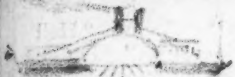
# Puck

PUBLISHED BY  
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

NEW YORK  
COPYRIGHT SECURED 1878.

OFFICE No 13 NORTH WILLIAM ST.

FOR SING SING



STEAMERS  
LEAVE DAILY.

FOR NANKING



STEAMERS  
LEAVE DAILY.

STEAMERS FROM ALL PORTS

WANTED IMMEDIATELY  
A CHANCE TO WORK  
AS  
ALDERMAN, or CORDONER

SITUATION  
WANTED AS  
CONGRESSMAN

LIQUOR  
STORE  
WANTED.

WANTED  
COOKEE-COOKEE

WANTED.  
Washee-Washee  
for MELICAN MAN.



WANTED  
THENTEE MONEE  
TO TAKEE HOME  
From  
MELICAN  
MAN.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THEM.

WE HAVE COME TO STAY!

WE ARE GOING HOME!



## "PUCK",

No. 13 North William Street, New York.

FOR SALE BY ALL NEWS DEALERS.

## TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

One Copy one year, or 52 numbers.....\$5.00  
 One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers.....2.50  
 One Copy for thirteen weeks.....1.25  
 POSTAGE FREE.

H. C. BUNNER.....MANAGING EDITOR.

Remittances by Money Order, etc., are to be addressed to KEPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

## THE ANNUAL DISTURBANCE.

**W**ITHIN a week the first insidious advertisement of eligible summer board will have found its way into the daily papers. In two weeks more numberless farmers living within a radius of three hundred miles of this city will begin to feed dried apples and water to the cows singled out and set aside to furnish carnal sustenance for the unfortunate wretches who are about to pay ten dollars a week to repose on the breast of nature and get chills and fever.

There is one notable peculiarity about these advertisements. They are all alike. Did any one ever hear of a farmer who didn't have a quiet and comfortable home? He never fails to specify this fact, and if you did not read down the rest of the column you would be led to believe that it was the custom of other tillers of the soil to indulge in domestic broils, and otherwise introduce discord into their households.

All these bucolic bonifaces give the reader to understand that they are ready to furnish him with plain, but good, country fare. At the same time they promise him "all the delicacies of the season." Any one who knows the habit, prevalent in the rural districts, of subsisting, all the year round, upon hash and griddle cakes, will see clearly that the two statements are incompatible. Yet no advertiser ever misses either one of them. And then it is a remarkable fact that the memory of man recalls no case of a summer boarding-house that was not within ten minutes' walk of the railway station. This pedestrian allurements is invariable. Yet it might be difficult to tell why this exact distance has been fixed upon by general consent. Boarders are probably expected to walk at a regulated rate. The man who rides a velocipede is wholly overlooked. His claims receive no attention. And if a boarder were found, by chance, who sincerely wanted to walk over half-an-hour every morning, with a railway station as his objective point, there would probably be no single advertiser to gratify him.

After having spent a half-dozen seasons in the various quiet summer homes, the average man begins to know something of what is meant by plain but good country fare, enjoyed within ten minutes' walk of the railway station. It should be mentioned here, by way of exception to the above remarks, that the plain country fare is occasionally further characterized as "wholesome." This it is not. The plainness is a matter of undisputed accuracy. Neither can the goodness be called in question, if we view it from the proper standpoint. Fed to swine, it would make a Cincinnati of a Chemung county village in two years. It is decidedly superior, whatever may have been asserted to the contrary, to the best extra compressed oil-cake.

But it is not wholesome. Regarded even as a pigsty pabulum, its strongest recommendation is that it would ultimately do away with the slaughter-houses by killing the hog, if not dressing him. The delicacies of the season are those which the farmer is unable to sell to city

dealers. These are not numerous, but fruits of this kind have generally a softness, and sometimes a high full flavor, not to be found in the products shipped to New York.

The ten-minutes-off railway station is also a peculiar institution. The clause in the advertisement relating to it is frequently a mild way of saying that the rural retreat overhangs the railroad track, or is built on the top of a tunnel. In this case the boarder can make a little excursion into the adjoining county to fill out the ten minutes which he is bound to consume in walking to the train.

We do not advise our readers to go after country-board, especially if they are after the comforts-of-a-home variety. It is too troublesome, too expensive, and too well calculated to shake one's faith in human nature and in newspaper advertising. And besides, a very good imitation can be got up without leaving home. Let any citizen camp out for the season in his back-yard, import and colonize a healthy hive of thoroughbred Jersey mosquitoes; let him sleep on a mattress woven of five straws and one corn-husk; let him make his diet of boiled turnips and eggs not strictly to be classed as first-water; to be washed down with skim milk and blackberry-leaf tea; let him rig up some substitute for a leaky roof; then let him sit over an oven and shake to give the local color, and he will have all the advantages of a first-class summer boarding-place, and save money.

## THE ANNUAL UPRISING.

THE season is upon us when the Communistic uprising occurs. It may be as well to direct attention to this circumstance, as otherwise it might pass over unheeded, and people would ask themselves: "Is the summer upheaval really over?" The leaders of the affair have been arranging their preliminaries, though everything—it should be understood—is done with the avowed intention of carrying on the revolution wholly in the newspapers. Some weeks since, 60 residents of Chicago seized shot-guns, marched to a plain in the vicinity, and proclaimed that tyranny was dead. They signalized the birth of freedom by hypothecating the guns on their return to town, and it may well be doubted if they will ever meet again—unless it be in jail. Of course, at this rate the cause is progressing famously; but it is as well, nevertheless, to direct attention to it, as there are some men in the community so callous and unappreciative that they refuse to commend as heroes those who will not fight, or as reformers who have no other method of bettering their own condition than by injuring the condition of others.

## Puckerings.

LEDUC's title is unquestioned.

MURDER and the locality of a good free-lunch will out.

THE oyster is now condemned, but then it bears up and isn't in the least disconcerted.

WHY is it that a man's socks will keep in position in winter, but dangle over his instep at the time of the rose's annual appearance?

Now the man who's considered a saint

Almost makes the family faint,

As loud he doth swear

When he jumps from the chair,

With his "pantaloon" covered with paint.

WE think if things had been the same in ancient times as they are now, the zodiacal sign for May would be the Directory fiend.

As most people who work for a living consider themselves vassals, is it not reasonable to look upon the type-setter as a galley slave?

WHEN the sheriff seizes the contents of a sample room to liquidate a debt, can he not be said to have the proprietor by the horns?

IT is universally admitted that Eglon the Shuhite was the shortest man mentioned in the Bible; and yet he wasn't a paragrapher.

THIS is precisely the time of the year when the average schoolboy is seized with a boundless ambition to become a curve-pitcher.

A HOT day and a corpulent ethiop are very much like the component parts of a seidlitz powder. When they meet there's a sensation.

THE sight-seer in Harrisburg, Pa., who mistook the State Legislature for the State Prison, remarked when chided: "It was a mistake of places, not of men."

THE editor quoted playfully the line "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." But he answered savagely: "You are mistaken. A rejected contributor is quite as bad."

AN exceptionally hot summer is predicted, and one enterprising saloon-keeper of this city has already applied for a copyright on the name of the Charles Francis Adams cocktail.

THE man who was formerly employed by the Street Cleaning Commissioners to shovel the snow out of New York can now get a hand-sprinkler, and think about laying the dust.

LOOK where you will, there is no record of any man arising in Noah's Ark, even in the hours of gravest despondency, and pleading the sixty days' clause, that the officials might have time to move for the appointment of a receiver.

Now the lily, so gracefully taper,  
 Doth dream in the night's opal vapor;  
 The red roses burn  
 In the parian urn,  
 And the ceiling is hung with fly-paper.

Now the girl in the gay Dolly Varden  
 The little stick fastens the card on,  
 And works with a will  
 As the orioles trill,  
 Getting freckled and tanned in the garden.

WE'LL soon hear the musical "skeeter"  
 In every room in the house;  
 We'll soon hear the German band sweeter  
 Annihilate the waltzes of Strauss;  
 We'll soon hear a terrible mountain  
 Of trouble in Europe has riz;  
 We'll soon hear the gay soda-fountain  
 Hiss, bubble and fiz.

As the robin flies down to the sill,  
 For the crumbs by fair Geraldine thrown him,  
 So charmingly sweet he doth trill,  
 That as minstrel divinest we own him;  
 While he seems on joy's current to swim,  
 And his soul's to beatitude wedded,  
 The truant ascendeth the limb,  
 And snatches his young ones bald-headed.



INTERVIEW WITH SENATOR  
CONKLING!

## THE GREAT MAN SPEAKS!

## THE BOTTOM FACTS AT LAST!

**K**NOWING full well the interest with which the world hoards up the utterances of the mighty and magniloquent senior Senator of New York, and feeling aggrieved that his views should have been distorted into a worldly interview printed now some two weeks ago, Puck determined to satisfy the desires of the waiting multitudes, and to have a personal interview with the Senator himself. Before the magic name of Puck all doors fly open, and soon he was seated in the presence of the lordly and top lofty jurist, admiring his magnificent torso, and wondering at the turkey-cock toss of his head.

"New York is a great commercial State," said Puck, "and you are its great representative."

"I am," said the Senator modestly, "as a fact, I am its great representative, in spite of all that little Evarts may think."

"And New York," pursued Puck, "is a commercial State more interested than any other in all questions of Finance. Now, New York desires to know the views of her senior Senator on the Silver question."

"When opportunity and occasion command my voice, it shall be heard. I am even now preparing the Greatest Effort of my Life. The able financiers who have had the Silver bill in hand have had my fullest sympathy under the malignant assaults which have been made upon them by little Roberts and petty papers like the New York Times, which are intriguing covertly against my reelection next year."

"And upon the new Tariff? New York does three-quarters of the exporting and importing for forty millions of people. What are your views on the reduction of duties?"

"I have no hesitation," said the Senator, slowly and with emphasis, "in declaring my great interest in the Custom House. The mechanism of government has always given me abundant food for thought. I can see no reason why the present officers, whom I appointed, should now be removed by this man Hayes."

"And in regard to the Income Tax?" queried Puck.

The Senator smiled a lordly smile. "My friends," said he, "hold offices under the government, and their salaries are exempt from the tax, so I really do not care about the bill. In fact, in most of these matters of mere legislation I take but little interest. In a country constituted as ours is, and ruled by laws as wise as those which we have made for ourselves, I have discovered the one important subject to which I needs must most frequently turn my attention intellectually to be the appointing power and the prerogative and courtesy of the Senate. To these branches of the subject I have devoted steady and constant and continuous attention."

Puck, ill-concealing his admiration for the great labor of the Senator, ventured to put in a query about the Timber thefts which the Secretary of the Interior had put a stop to.

"It is another Hessian outrage," said the Senator loftily. "Schurz is depriving these poor people of their regular living; they have always taken the timber of the nation, and he tries to prevent them. No man from a small and old country like Prussia can understand the conditions of our Constitution. Schurz is a scatter-brained theorist, who, I am informed and believe, plays the piano!"

"And the Reform in the Civil Service?" asked Puck with anxious interest.

"It is a fraud, sir, a great fraud; as great a fraud as this man Hayes himself. It is an attempt to establish an oligarchy of office-holders. When the Florida matter comes finally out, the whole world will see what sort of an orange this man Hayes is. He pretends to be a temperance man. I tell you, I know better. I have seen him drink. I have drunk with him. I have known of his being drunk. He suffers from delirium tremens. He sees snakes in the White House, and he smells rats every time he hears a whisper. I tell you, sir, that this man Hayes has kept a saloon, nay, that he keeps a gin-mill now in the White House itself, and that he docks the servants' wages if they go elsewhere for their morning cocktails. I know this for a fact!"

And Puck left the legislator to return to the preparation of the Greatest Effort of his Life.

## IN REGARD TO THE TRAMP.

**T**HE tramp is an individual over whom we have never heard any one gush to any great extent. Some people will laud miserable actors to the skies, and go almost crazy with admiration for a third-rate poet, and yet they have nothing but sneers and scoffs for a first-class tramp.

The tramp is far superior to many other people in some ways, and the charges brought against him are, in nine cases out of ten, totally uncalled for.

*Imprimis*, he is accused of laziness, which charge is, of course, unjustifiable, as he is ever on the move from place to place.

Then again he is far superior to the average man who is out of work, for, instead of lying around and living on his friends, he displays his manhood by marching boldly forth to rough it in storm and sunshine, and face the cold indifference of an uncharitable world.

Everyone gets the bulge on him; if he doesn't work they say it is because he won't ask for it. And if he does ask for it, he won't get it.

If one, for instance, should go into a newspaper office and say that he was "chockfull" of work if he could only get a show, and if they would let him become paragrapher at twenty dollars per week, he would soon demonstrate his activity, do you suppose they would hire him?

It is true he purloins chickens and other edibles, but what of that? Poultry is cheap, and all that is stolen by him and his kind in a year does not amount to near so much as the plum that disappears occasionally with a single bank president.

People of liberal ideas should never find fault with the tramp because he wanders around with no particular point in view. He knows what benefits him physically, and by keeping out of the city he confers a boon upon a certain class, for by so-doing he gives them a chance to secure the vacancies which daily occur.

The tramp, unlike the aristocrat, doesn't spend his time at the race-course and the gaming-table, squandering thousands of dollars, and the effects of champagne and riotous living do not glow in his face.

He doesn't wear high-priced clothes and patent-leather boots; he doesn't get shaved every other day, and divide his hair in the middle; in short, he does more to promote good solid ideas, and to crush foppery and Beau Brummellism than anyone else.

It is true his wardrobe is portable, and he is generally editorially short of funds; but he doesn't require a dress-suit on the highway, and of what earthly use would money be to him when he can find no place to spend it?

He sleeps in the open fields, to be sure, and this is in his favor; it shows that his soul is susceptible of the divine afflatus. He is a poet

beyond doubt when he will indifferently pass the sumptuous halls of opulence and ease, to lie on the emerald mead and be lulled into delicious dreams by the redolent hisses of the rose-fraught breeze.

He does display a strong antipathy to soap, water, and dogs, we freely admit, but this may be nothing more than a clannish prejudice—especially as to the dogs.

Take the tramp right through, from Alpha to Omega, so to put it, and he is not such a terrible character after all. If he is as bad as he is made out to be, why is he not in states-prison or the pulpit, that's the question. Can you answer it?

## PUCK OFFERS TO EDIT A DAILY GRATIS.

**A**S the times are hard, and editorial writers demand more or less money for their services, and, furthermore, as composers can be hired more cheaply to set up reprint than manuscript, we offer a few ready-made editorials to our luminous morning contemporary, for which we shall not ask even that for which it shines—"Two Cents." Nothing but thanks. And no flowers. We give one week's installment:

## HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

We call attention to the advertisement in another column of Varicose's Patent Ventilating Truss. The talented inventor well says, "This is no Fraud!" Would, ah! would that the De Facto could say the same.

## L'HOMME QUI RIT.

For genuine fun, we have had no entertainment in the city for years equal to the "Harmonious Howlers," from Yuba Dam, now performing at Tony Harrigan's Theatre. They are honestly entitled to the position they occupy in the hearts of the amusement-loving public. Alas, that the *de facto* President of the United States cannot say the same of the place he occupies in the White House.

## OUR OLFATORIES.

The foul stench from Hunter's Point must be abated. The Board of Health should be made to do its duty. It sickens the people around Beekman and Murray Hills, and makes them feel that nausea which afflicts the whole American nation, when they contemplate a Fraudulent President in the Chair once occupied by Washington and Lincoln.

## DUX FEMINI FACTI.

We have no little sympathy with the various efforts in behalf of temperance. Our advice is to let rum severely alone. Champagnes, and the finer brands of red wines, should suffice any man. But we put the seal of condemnation on the action of that temperance society in Washington that lately passed resolutions attacking Mrs. Hayes. The husband naturally dominates the wife, and surely it is not her fault that she is compelled to bear a share of the odium shared by the Fraud in the Executive Mansion.

## ONE CONSOLATION.

The man, Mickey Hayes, who stuffed his wife up the chimney, and cooked his little child in the stove-oven, is certainly a criminal who should be punished. But let Americans remember that there is another Hayes (probably a relative), who is murdering Civil Liberty, the Constitution, the Bill of Rights, and the Security of the Ballot, by his fraudulent occupancy of the White House. What punishment is adequate to the crimes of *this* Hayes?

If our neighbor *will* persist in playing on a fiddle with one string, he can at least vary the tune by publishing the above. TRIPLET.



## A LETTER.

**N**OW balmy, soul-refreshing eve  
 Glides in the valley lone and stilly,  
 And dainty wreathlets fairies weave  
 Of violet and daffodilly;  
 The Queen of Night serenely flings  
 Her opal o'er the rose and gentian—  
 These, by the way, are little things  
 Which poets seldom fail to mention.  
 The amorous breezes scarcely stir  
 The flowers 'round the brooklet cressy,  
 And now my hallowed thoughts recur  
 Unto you, pretty blue-eyed Bessy;  
 When you upon my vision burst,  
 By sorrow I was quite forsaken,  
 And love's mute spell possessed me first,  
 And you—if I am not mistaken.  
 Your eye of soft empyrean blue  
 Would cast on me its timid glances,  
 Which, as must be well known to you,  
 Imbued my soul with gay romances.  
 Half serious, and half in sport,  
 Upon your cheek I showered kisses;  
 I often thought of you—in short,  
 I thought you'd make a lovely Mrs.  
 We used to wander down the dell,  
 (Ah! for such bliss you now were handy!)  
 I used to tell what lovers tell,  
 I bought you packages of candy,  
 My mind for pretty thoughts I'd search,  
 And write you sonnets unpretentious,  
 And when I went with you to church,  
 'Twas not from motives conscientious.  
 I recollect we'd sometimes meet  
 Beneath a lone sequestered cedar,  
 Your lisping words were far too sweet  
 To lavish on an idle reader.  
 My tenderest of dreamings link  
 My hands and lips with yours, Miss Gibbon,  
 I oft sigh o'er your letters pink,  
 Bound in a piece of musty ribbon.  
 That evening, when the flowers all  
 Were fragrance on the air bestowing,  
 And slow we sauntered down the mall,  
 The breeze, as usual, was blowing,  
 Just as I clasped in ecstasy  
 Your form, and saw Love's rosy image,  
 Unhappy fate, I had, ah, me!  
 With your lamented sire a scrimmage.  
 Ah! not a day, my dearest one,  
 With all its joys and sorrows, passes,  
 But that your Aunt Priscilla's son  
 Beholds you in your gold-rimmed glasses,  
 And often in my dreams methinks  
 I catch a flood of lyric glory,  
 And hear you playing "Captain Jinks,"  
*La Marjolaine* or *Trovatore*.  
 Now, Bess, while pretty starlit dew 's  
 With lustre soft the phlox suffusing,  
 And rapt, enchanted, you peruse  
 Whatever you may be perusing,  
 Think of those happy days gone by  
 When for your love I had to whistle—  
 This makes me feel so sad, that I  
 Can't finish now this fond epistle.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

## WHAT GOETH ON AT PRESENT.

**N**OW is the period arrived when the father of a family is awakened in the night-time by a sound of creaking; and looking forth from his window he seeth one who disporteth him upon the front fence as it were upon a trapeze. And he reacheth for his shot-gun; but presently he holdeth his hand, and taketh counsel with himself; and heslayeth not the stranger that is upon his gates. For he perceiveth that it is the young man who appertaineth to his daughter, and he understandeth that the youth seeketh only to test the carrying capacity of the hinges against the moonlight season.

And in these days ariseth the interesting young minister, he who masheth the women of his flock, yea, even after the manner of the ungodly play-actor. And he getteth him a weakness of the lungs, and he threateneth to fade away and die, nor will aught avail to retain him in this cañon of tears saving a trip to Europe. And thither goeth he by the next Cunard

steamer. For is it not better that one young man who readeth the service beautifully should take his ease abroad than that nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine sick children should have a picnic when the summer is hot upon the city?

And now setteth in the season when the planet of love doth rise at an early hour in the evening, and hangeth on during the major part of the night. And the young man of normal inclinations goeth forth into the woods, and practiseth crooking his arm around a hickory tree; and layeth particular stress upon flexibility and long reach. And when the new moon hitteth it off with the thermometer, he will seek out a reciprocative substitute for the hickory, and begin active operations as a girder.

And about this time cometh a man of guile into the land. And he hireth a shebang, and he putteth out a sign and advertiseth the temperance drink that cheereth but not whoopeth them up. And the innocent and inexperienced wayfarer entereth into the outer room and swalloweth ginger pop diluted with root beer, and presently feeleth an uneasiness in his stomach, and goeth to get the new spring style of crown of glory. But the knowing citizen penetrateth to the inner apartment and partaketh of the cup that doth his arcane dynamics good; and cometh out, and winketh at the universe, and is glad.

Also in these days is contention between husband and wife as to the place which they shall choose wherein to spend the summer. And the wife saith: "Lo, now! let us go to Saratoga; and we will lodge us in the largest hostelry, and we will put on lugs, and I shall utterly cut out the wife of Jones, she who wear-eth her hair banged, even though she be a grandmother in Murray Hill. For her diamonds are paste; but mine are solid, and, moreover, I have the call on her in the item of real lace. Yea, at Saratoga let us put in the summer." And the next thing she knoweth that wife shall wake up and find her husband in Europe, on top of a five-hundred-thousand-dollar embezzlement and no assets.

## LONGFELLOW'S FIRST POEM.

**I**T is not generally known that Longfellow was a poet at seven as well as at seventy. His earliest effusion has recently been found, and, strange to say, it is not claimed to be his best. As the summer season is close upon us, and as agricultural and bucolic themes possess considerable practical interest, we feel justified in reproducing it. The author had seven years of practical experience when he wrote it. The orthography has been corrected. The poem is called,

## THE RISE AND FALL OF THE TURNIP.

A STUDY ON NATURAL HISTORY, BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

"Mr. Finney had a turnip,  
 And it grew behind the barn,  
 And it grew and grew,  
 And the turnip did no harm.  
 It grew and grew  
 Till it could grow no taller,  
 Then Mr. Finney took it up  
 And put it in the cellar.  
 There it lay and lay  
 Till it began to rot,  
 Then his daughter Susie washed it,  
 And she put it in the pot.  
 She boiled it and boiled it  
 As long as she was able,  
 And then she took it up  
 And put it on the table.  
 Mr. Finney and his wife  
 They both sat down to sup,  
 And they ate and ate  
 Till they ate the turnip up."

There is a great wealth of poetic imagery, and a warm color of poesy in the above poem,

but it is not altogether apparent on the surface. The faults of the composition, on the other hand, may as well be pointed out. In the first place, Mr. Finney is introduced into the narrative abruptly. The only clue to his character is the possession of a turnip, and the fact that he grew it behind a barn argues that he was not a good farmer. The possession of a barn, however, shows him to have been a man of property. Hence the young poet did well to propitiate Finney. In his eagerness, however, the youth says that the barn

"Grew and grew,  
 And the turnip did no harm".

This evokes the inquiry: Why should it? That the growing barn should injure the turnip is natural; but that a single turnip should uproot the growing barn is preposterous.

The second verse is devoted to what now seems to be the growth of the turnip. We think here that young Longfellow got matters a little mixed. In the first place, there is no limit to the growth of a turnip. In the second, we don't believe Finney's vegetable attained that growth; and, finally, if it did, how could he "put it in the cellar." This would argue a great expanse of cellar on the part of Finney, and extreme foolishness in storing his turnips therein. Still, Finney may have been a drinking man. This would reconcile us to his large cellar, and to his fanciful tale about the turnip. He may have been drunk. If so, young Longfellow should not have believed him, and certainly should not have put his statements on paper.

The third verse introduces us to Susie Finney, and for that pleasure we thank the young poet. Of Susie's charms of mind and feature he judiciously refrains from speaking. All he says is that she found the turnip and washed it. This would imply that she frequented the cellar. The family may have been poor, or the season of May moving may have been in progress. If Susie's aspirations went no higher than washing old turnips, there is no wonder that the young poet was not favorably impressed with her. His contempt found expression in the word "Susie," an abbreviated appellation implying familiarity.

The fourth verse is a genuine "cooker." It relates to her boiling the turnip—a most prosaic proceeding. Susie seems to have understood it, and to have been earnest in the matter, for she boiled it

"As long as she was able."

In this case she probably overdid the turnip. It was foolish on her part to put it on the table without flavor or garnishment, and the reader will mark the punishment which followed.

The fifth verse is the gem. It opens by insinuating that Susie burned her hands in lifting the turnip. It is known, at least, that she did not participate in the repast. It is wonderful how much the young poet contrived to say in this one line without even alluding to Susie's misfortune. In the second line the poet says:

"They both sat down to sup."

Their fare, the reader will observe, was frugal. It consisted of a turnip. Old Finney and wife seemed to have been satisfied, however, for

"They ate and ate and ate  
 Till they ate the turnip up."

What a powerful lesson of economy does not this little episode teach! A whole family subsisting on a turnip! On the other hand it shows bare human ingratitude. Susie, who rescued the turnip from the cellar, and who boiled it for so long a time, was not permitted even to taste it.

And this brings about another grave inquiry which the youthful poet has left in doubt, but about which the reader is curious: What became of the barn?



# RHYMES OF THE DAY.

ONE moment the weather's delicious,  
The rose to the sun its breast turns,  
Then a moment the sky looks suspicious,  
And heaven tip-tilts its gold urns;  
With rain-drops the violet's laden  
They jewel the lily's white cup,  
And quickly the timorous maiden  
Her umbril puts up.

AH, now doth fair, tender Dolores  
Say to her Leander, "O, hush!"  
As he pours in her ear rosy stories,  
In the main highly flavored with gush.  
Ah, now in the "flowerful closes"  
The robins and orioles flute,  
And gay on the wire-frame reposes  
The ten-dollar-suit.

## THE GREAT FENIAN MOVEMENT.

COL. BLATHER O'BLUNDERBUSS UNBOSOMS  
HIMSELF TO "PUCK."

ACTING under your instructions, I sought the great Fenian Agitator, believing he would naturally give more information to PUCK than to the *Herald*, the *Sun*, or any other of the dailies. I searched through Baxter street, roamed around the purlieus between Mulberry and Elizabeth streets, I chased a vain clew about Cherry street and adjacent slums, all without avail, until at last, disheartened, I came to the reluctant conclusion that the gallant hero must have taken the emigrant train west, and that I had lost him.

The April rain that had been cooling through many weeks of fog and cloud was coming down, and I confess that Lager had no delight for me. I felt I needed that seldom delight, Old Rye. A sign showed me the home of that exhilarating fluid, and the name "Mick McConologue's Harp of Erin," seemed apropos of my errand. I asked him if he had any fine whiskey. He said he would guarantee all his whiskey was poor. He spoke the truth.

After taking my modest quencher, I asked, as distinctly as I could, for "some water," and, recovering my powers of speech, I entered into conversation with the genial host of the "Harp." One word led to another; I imparted to him my mission, and he told me that the heroic O'Blunderbuss had not left the city, but was at that moment, probably, dining at the Windsor Hotel on Fifth Avenue.

I at first looked upon this information as a very light-waisted joke, which was to be entirely wasted upon me; but such sincerity arose in drops from mine host's perspiring face that I determined not to give up the search until I had followed this last clew.

"Now I know ye're helpin' the cause 'f Oireland," said the host of the "Harp of Erin." "I didn't ax yez to take a dhrink. An' I've dhrunk the last dhrop of the bottle I keps for me own dhrinkin'."

At the Windsor I found, indeed, that the Col. was domiciled in that noble hostelry, and had but just dined. In answer to the card I sent him, I was asked to walk up-stairs. Of course, my ideas of the Fenian Agitator were of a low-browed, prickly-bearded, thick-jawed man, with a brogue, difficult of comprehension, and impossible to reproduce stenographically. Herein I was utterly mistaken. The gallant hero of a hundred battles to be fought, on paper or elsewhere, was anything but my ideal Fenian.

He was of medium height, as clean-built and as sinewy as Wilkes Booth, with a face as chiseled as that of the first Napoleon (as if there were ever any other Napoleon worth remembering). He lounged easily beside a table on which were all the delights with which good taste decorates its dessert, and he pointed pleasantly, and with a genial smile, to a seat opposite him.

As he pushed the claret over to me I noticed my *vis-a-vis*. He wore a long gray dressing-gown, and on his head was a Turkish fez, only, in regard to the weather, made of light red silk, instead of woolen stuff. From its top dangled a bushy tassel of green floss silk.

"The green above the red," he remarked, as he noticed my attention being attracted to his *personnel*. "If one is not patriotic, one had better be nothing."

On my asking if he desired to be interviewed, he replied, his soft eyes beaming at me over a glass of claret:

"Else wherefore live we in a Christian land? Certainly. If the press ignores us we are moribund. Your own Barnum has the true idea—better be abused than ignored."

"Then," I said, "tell PUCK the particulars of this raid upon Canada—this Russian alliance, that the morning-papers are publishing."

"My dear fellow," the hero answered, "was it Byron or Rochefoucauld who said, 'Man must love something'? Well, no matter. Before me you see the wine that is born of the grape, the grape itself, *pur et naturel*, the orange, the pine, the nut, the fragrant fumar, with whose introduction to the dessert Sir Walter Raleigh was not unconnected. This is what I love. Certain of my countrymen love Hatred of England. That is what *they* love. I feed this love by my genius—they feed me with their dollars. That's all there's in it."

"But the resolute Irish heart," I said; "that inborn determination to—"

"The bottle's with you," the hero said. "à vous santé. You don't understand the Irish people. They may be easily divided into three classes. These are the thriftless, the thrifty, and the enterprising. The thriftless crowd the roadways and beg—and curse. The thrifty live at home, contented and cheerful with their Cruiskeen Lawn. The enterprising emigrate to all quarters of the globe, and, in default of other capital, they speculate on the Wrongs of Ireland."

"But I don't see any profit—"

"You don't understand our people. It takes an Irishman to understand an Irishman. Let me go into the kitchen of this hotel—the wine is very good, isn't it?—and speak to the girls (hot and greasy with their honest toil) about Ireland; tell them I'm about to take Toronto, march on Montreal, and gobble up Quebec, and all those poor souls will chuck their savings-bank books in my hands, do without their summer suits—all for Vengeance on England."

"Have you—have you done this, Colonel, among the servants here?" I asked, feeling as if my wine was going the wrong way, if it was thus paid for.

"No, oh, no!" he replied. "Oh, no! I don't collect personally. Saloon-keepers and—and that class of Irishmen that the artist Nast so well depicts, all jaw and no brain, the orang-outang Celt, *they* collect, and give the proceeds to agents who turn them over to me."

"But what show do you make for the money you receive? How do you satisfy the contributors to the Fund?"

"One of our best Patriots solved that problem. When he suggested the 'Skirmishing Fund' he went in for Secrecy. It is given in Secret, it is received in Secret, and the way in which it is being spent will ever be a Secret also."

"But how about this raid on Canada?"

"Well—my dear boy, you're keeping the bottle from me—thanks—it is a very tidy tipple—about Canada. There are a great many of our men out of employment. It is sad that your man Tweed died. He'd have kept them employed. And Robeson and that little fellow in Washington—what's his name?—oh, Boss Shep—something. *They* used to keep our people busy at the expense of the taxpayers. Then our people are too sad and hungry to fight and get sent to prison. All the burglaries and first-class crimes are done by smart Americans and Englishmen. So here are our heroic patriots, burning with hatred to England, and we'll have to send them to Canada. Something *must* be done for them."

"Send them to their death?" I asked, horrified.

"Oh, no!" and he smiled as he pushed the cigars across the table, "oh, no! There'll be nobody killed. Our men will get from this raid all they're asking for—Food and Employment. A few constables will arrest the Fenian Army, clap 'em in a Canadian jail, and they'll get plenty of work picking oakum—plenty of food in skilly."

"And is this really the attempt to free Ireland?"

"Now-now-now—I wonder at your asking such a question. If England wants to keep Ireland, could all the Irishmen living, in Ireland, America, England and China, wherever they are scattered, with all the money they have, wrest it from her? Certainly *not*! All this talk about 'freeing Ireland from the yoke of Britain' is just a soft thing for us organizers. Credulity is the great characteristic of the uneducated Irish mind. Talk about your Big Bonanza and Virginia Consolidated Mines. The generous, self-denying, sacrificing spirit of the stupid Irish servant-girl and trusting Irish laborer, toiling harder than any animal used in civilization—these are *our* Big Bonanzas, and we use 'em."

"Don't you think Rome would help to free Ireland? Erin is called the 'Insula Sanctorum—the Island of Saints.'"

"Certainly *not*. Rome is working to Catholicize England, and working hard. And as to saints, Ireland never had but two—St. Patrick, who *wasn't* an Irishman, and St. Kevin, who was mixed up with some woman's business; she tried to 'mash' him with some 'rich and rare jewels.' I've my doubts about Kevin. I once enlisted a man who said he was a lineal descendant of Kevin. I feel sad, sometimes, when I think that the female who traveled after Kevin didn't have her marriage lines."

"About Canada," I hinted. "This talk is a little desultory. What shall I say about the proposed movement?"

He thought; he reflected deeply.

"Say," he said, "say that ERIN IS AROUSED! THAT MILLIONS OF MONEY ARE READY! HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF SOLDIERS, WITH GAT-LING GUNS, ARE READY TO MARCH IN TEN MINUTES. IRON-CLADS, FLYING THE FLAG OF ERIN (whatever that is), ARE SURROUNDING THE HAUGHTY CLIFFS OF ALBION! Say—well, say anything else in big type you can think of, old boy. And put it in strong, for we've got to make another collection soon."

"Anything else?"

"Nothing, my dear boy, except, if collections come in generously, I have a modest little villa over the sea in Newport, and, as I say, if the Irish heart is liberal, I want you to come and stay a month with me. I'll give you *Cead mille fauilte*—a hundred thousand welcomes. The poor Irish Laborer, the toiling Irish Servant-Girl, wouldn't see their Patriots deficient in means to show proper hospitality to their guests. Be sure to come. Green turtle and green seal. God bless Ireland! Good-bye!"

TRIPLER.





POUDRE DE SOOT.

A suggestion to our Ethiop belles. Why should their white sisters enjoy all the luxuries of the toilette?

## CATSUP FOR THIRTEEN.

THE correct method of running a family at the least possible expense is always an interesting matter. Those who have families know this from experience. Those who have not families, but purpose having them, are naturally solicitous to ascertain it. Love in a cottage is well enough in its way, but if love is not backed by a steady salary or rich relations, it will be apt to be deposed from its abode, and left stranded among the daisies and daffodils of the roadside. Once in a while some public benefactor arises and gives a few figures to show how families may be cheaply run. This usually provokes discussion, and the figures of the aforesaid benefactor having been shown to be incorrect, he subsides into merited oblivion. Recently, however, a lady has taken a hand at this discussion of domestic economy, and, through the medium of a New York daily, has given her views to the world. This lady has grappled the affair with such firmness that she has engaged a large share of attention. Below will be found the figures which she adduces for the proper running of a family. Whether or no she is blessed with one, we are not informed, and we are loth to express an opinion on so delicate a question. Judging, however, from the bills of fare presented, we incline to the belief that she is not. The family, whosoever it is, comprises thirteen persons. Here is how they are fed:

**SUNDAY.**—*Breakfast*—Liver, fried; potatoes, fried; eggs, boiled; coffee. *Dinner*—Roast beef, potatoes, tomatoes, parsnips. *Supper*—Toast, shaved beef, sliced oranges.

**MONDAY.**—*Breakfast*—Steak, potatoes, hominy. *Dinner*—Cold roast beef, baked potatoes, tomatoes and rice.

**TUESDAY.**—*Breakfast*—Sliced beef, stewed, fried potatoes, hot rolls. *Dinner*—Soup, cold roast beef, potatoes, cabbage, parsnips.

**WEDNESDAY.**—*Breakfast*—Pork-chops, Saratoga potatoes, hot rolls. *Dinner*—Irish stew, with onions.

**THURSDAY.**—*Breakfast*—Mutton-chops, batter cakes, and fried potatoes. *Dinner*—Beefsteak, potatoes, fried onions, tomatoes, turnips.

**FRIDAY.**—*Breakfast*—Fried smelts, beefsteak-hash, fried potatoes, hominy. *Dinner*—Oyster soup, fish, baked potatoes, fried hominy cakes.

**SATURDAY.**—*Breakfast*—Beefsteak, potatoes, hominy, hot rolls. *Dinner*—Ham and eggs, potatoes and rice.

**LUNCHES.**—*Made from anything left from day before*, with prunes, sliced oranges, baked apples, and tea. We have no desserts at lunch. Must add for breakfast and dinner—Coffee and bread and butter. Good home-made bread we find the most economical.

The schedule of expenses for the above is as follows:

8 pounds roast beef at 14c.....	\$1 12	2 smelts .....	10
$\frac{1}{2}$ bushel potatoes.....	37	12 oysters .....	18
1 pound liver .....	8	Fish .....	20
Eggs .....	25	3 pound round-steak at 14c .....	42
2 cans tomatoes at 9c.....	18	$1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds ham .....	15
Parsnips .....	5	1 pound coffee.....	35
Smoked beef .....	10	$\frac{1}{2}$ pound tea at 40c.....	40
Oranges .....	12	$3\frac{1}{2}$ pounds granulated sugar.....	36
Hominy .....	8	Milk .....	28
Prunes .....	12	8 pounds flour at $4\frac{1}{2}$ c.....	36
2 pounds rice at 9c.....	18	$1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds butter at 40c.....	60
Cabbage .....	5	Catsup .....	25
Pork-chops .....	20		
Mutton-chops .....	12		
Onions .....	12		
Turnips .....	5		
		Total .....	\$6 47

"This \$6.47," she adds, "is the actual cost of running a family of thirteen persons for two years."

It is certainly cheap enough. Three-quarters of a cent a day, divided among thirteen, is not excessive. What we wonder at is how she contrived to get so much variety for such a pittance. When, however, we come to regard the items in detail, it will be seen that the bill is tainted with extravagance. For instance:

The family consumed in two years a pound of coffee costing 35 cents, but to sweeten the draught  $3\frac{1}{2}$  pounds of granulated sugar were necessary, costing 36 cents. The family never ate any bread; but butter cost it 60 cents. Think of thirteen persons subsisting for two years without bread, and the paragon squandering 60 cents on butter. Though she left the family in the lurch for this vital necessity, she devoted 42 cents for a "round-steak"—obviously not the square thing, under the circumstances. One of the boarders seems to have been partial to liver and bacon. She was compelled, however, to put half gratify his taste. Eight cents was devoted to liver, but

the appropriation ran short for bacon, so he had to content himself with liver alone. There must have been some old maiden aunts among the thirteen, for 40 cents was devoted to tea. How old and how maiden they were may be inferred from the fact that they took 28 cents worth of milk, that is, diluted nearly 3-5 of the compound. Fish was evidently not the paragon's forte. Two smelts and 20 cents worth of unclassified fish was all the 13 received. The item of soup is not mentioned. But on desserts the paragon comes out nobly. For oranges 12 cents are paid; for prunes, 12 cents, for rice, 18 cents. There was probably some Charlotte Russe, but it is not credited. The vegetables seem to come under the five-cent rule. Cabbage, parsnips and turnips do so, at least. A preference is accorded to hominy, for 8 cents; but this is manifestly unfair. The potatoes come to 3 cents, and the onions to 12 cents. Tomatoes are bought by the can. The item for ham and eggs is not scientific. It allows 25 cents for the eggs, and only 15 cents for the ham. This would be timely at the refreshment counter of a church-fair, but in private life it is infamous.

The item which caps the climax is the one for oysters. It is truly unique. Each member of the family (with a single exception) gets an oyster apiece. We submit that a gift of one oyster, extending over a term of two years, is not a boarder's fair quota of shell-fish.

To make the one oyster palatable, 25 cents has been allowed for catsup. This is the veriest waste—terrible in its enormity. To think of a whole bottle of catsup to flavor a single oyster! Truly, the dish became catsup with oyster sauce. That a family, for two years bereft of bread, should have its money squandered on catsup, is really too trying. In this connection, the reader will notice that one of the thirteen got no oyster, the number having run short. This fellow took his revenge, doubtless, by publishing to the world the items, and thus it is that this very catsup-charge is the pivot on which the whole discussion hangs. How much better it would have been to have given the thirteenth man one oyster like the others, and to have retrenched on the catsup. Moreover, there must be fully half the catsup remaining; for it would be preposterous to suppose that a family living on an oyster for two years could use a quart of catsup in less than ten. This would reduce the expense from \$6.47 to about \$6.35, a still further economy.

The reader will allow that we have fairly and frankly considered the items of the lady's bill, that we have not sought to disparage her thrift and saving, and have commended them where we could. The amount (\$6.35) is, we admit, most reasonable, and as cheap a showing, certainly, as any woman can afford. But can men (inexperienced in household affairs though they be) do it cheaper?

"Impossible!" the reader will exclaim. "Run a family of thirteen for two years on less than \$6.35? Impossible!"

Stop a bit. It is not impossible. There are thousands of men in New York to-day who run whole families without paying so much as \$6.35. And the families don't go without bread, or without bacon with their liver, either. They get more than one oyster in two years, and have other dependence than catsup. If any woman can, either by statistics or economy, make a better showing than this, we would like to hear from her. In the meanwhile, however, men have the precedence, and the paragon must retire into the congenial shades of her kitchen, there to reflect on the uncertainties of numbers, and the ineffectuality of catsup. If she keeps on running her family this way, she will run it to the ground.

ERNEST HARVIER.



## A TENTH MUSE.

SOME time ago we printed a poem entitled "Technique," which assumed to emanate from the pen of Mr. Edgar Fawcett, and which possessed certain characteristics of his style. We have now received, from some anonymous source, the following production, which has the appearance of proceeding from the same peculiar fantasy which, "starting with some very slight and simple theme, carries it so far and develops it with such fine art as to stir the indignation of the reader." We do not know who is responsible for these "windy aspirations of Fawcett breath," or who is taking these liberties with the chaste muse of this graceful and cultured writer; but we publish this second poem, without prejudice, in the hope that Mr. Fawcett may favor us with a poetic explanation of the phenomenon.

## P U P.

Night smareth a viewless swashiness  
On the palette of the sky,  
And the opulent earth toward sloshiness  
Now evolutheth high.

For in torrents perpendicular  
The moisture drizzleth down,  
While my thoughts toward nothing particular  
Go out in a study brown.

Though languorous the air and summery,  
I am yet in a loathsome fix—  
Shall I win my bet with Montgommery?  
Shall I finish by quarter of six?

Not yet has an object subjective  
(Intangible-vague as light,)—  
To my splenetic thought elective,  
Full-winged hove into sight.

For the mind that to-day is exhaustive,  
Nebulous, passionate, full,  
May to-morrow be just as costive,  
And its fantasy twice as dull.

I will linger no longer themelessly  
Mid preposterous bacchanal beer,  
I will fire the lamp that beamlessly  
Spreads kerosene odors here.

Come hither, comrade caninical,  
With thy thin fine bow-wow-ows!  
I will daunt the critic cynical,  
I alone have the laureled brows!

Crawl not on thy surface umbilicular,  
Re-wag thy inertful tail,  
Uplift thy pendants auricular  
So passionately pale.

I cast not soft eyes publicationward  
Above these fluctuant lines  
(As the Sophomore, veering vacationward,  
Looks, loverwise, over the vines).

Then fear not my verse so dangerous,  
I could rasesomely do thee ill;  
Crouch not at my aspect strangerful  
As I start my simile-mill.

For my fantasy by some powerful  
Mysterious charm is drawn  
From thy statuesque pose and cowerful  
To Mythology's purplesome dawn!

And I think-fee how very corpuscular  
Were the bench-shows of those days;  
How Cerberus got up on his muscular;  
How corpulent Sirius's bays—

(Now, where is that "Dictionnaire Classique?"  
Confound it!—Ah! here's "Lemprière,"  
That will do. I must not be too gassique:  
A balloon without sand is nowhere!)

And Melampus, and Lelaps, and Tigris  
With their vermilion kisses of death—  
Stop your scratching, you cur! (That verdigris  
Doesn't seem just the thing for his breath.)

When I think how belovely and lureful  
Are the thoughts that thy presence brings,  
By the swill-pailful or the sewerful,  
I could dash them on Poesie's wings.

*Envoy (extraordinary.)*

Ah! I've got the beer on Montgommery!  
Time's up! I have won the bet!  
What the world likes is exquisite flummery!  
I may print this poem yet!

## THOMPSON'S GRIEVANCES.

THOMPSON moved on the first of May.  
The house he rented seemed to him all  
that could be desired, so far as appear-  
ances were concerned.

The landlord had given him to understand  
that the house was in first-class condition, and  
had all the modern improvements. It was on  
the strength of his flowery encomiums that  
Thompson concluded to take it.

After he had moved in, and got everything  
in its place, and was just beginning to feel at  
home, he became acquainted with the cupidity  
of his landlord, and he went straightway to his  
residence to relate his grievances, and see what  
could be done in mitigation thereof.

He soon reached his destination, rang the  
bell, and was duly admitted.

As his landlord offered him a chair, he took  
a seat, removed his hat, wiped the perspiration  
from his brow, and commenced:

"You said you'd guarantee that house of  
mine as being first-class, eh?"

"Of course I did," responded the man of  
real estate.

"Oh, you did, eh?" said Mr. Thompson  
sarcastically, "well, I'd just like to mention  
to you a few things about that house which  
strike me as being slightly eccentric."

"All right," murmured the landlord; "pro-  
ceed."

"Well, in the first place, you said your house  
was in a quiet neighborhood; this is not so;  
the horse-cars run before the door and keep me  
awake all night, and my next-door neighbor  
keeps a hound that bays until breakfast time,  
and there's no such thing as peace."

"What's that got to do with the house?"  
queried the landlord.

"A good deal; and then you declared that  
the fences were perfectly solid and secure. On  
the strength of this my wife hung out a carpet,  
my ulster, and a number of other things, one  
night. In the morning we discovered a rotten

board off the fence, and a dozen or more goats  
frisking around digesting the contents of the  
clothes-line."

"You really don't mean this, Mr. Thomp-  
son!"

"I do, indeed! And then you said the locks  
were all right, but they won't work at all, and  
one night when I came home late I attempted  
to get in with my night-key, but I could not.  
Then I pulled the bell, only to ascertain that it  
was broken. As a last effort, I went down and  
endeavored to unfasten one of the basement  
windows, and, after I had broken a fifty-cent  
pane of glass, in order to be able to turn the  
catch, a policeman came along and captured  
me as a thief, and I spent the night in a station-  
house."

"You did?" asked the landlord sympatheti-  
cally.

"Yes, I *did*. You also gave me to under-  
stand that the pump in the yard was giving  
water, and I went out and pumped away for  
four hours before I discovered that it was just  
stuck in the ground for ornament."

"Well, really!" was all his astonished inter-  
locutor could remark.

"Yes, and that is not the worst, either.  
You told me it was a nice dry house; and the  
other day we had a heavy storm, and when we  
went down into the kitchen in the morning it  
was knee-deep, and everything was floating  
around."

"That morning the cook got the breakfast  
ready by sailing around the stove in a canoe.  
We managed by eating upstairs, and the wait-  
ress went backward and forward on stilts like  
an amphibious animal."

"These domestic regattas don't go down,  
even if they are not attended by marine disas-  
ters; so I had the place bailed out, and now it  
is all right; and if you don't make the neces-  
sary repairs, I shall move out next week."

The landlord then promised, and Thompson  
left, seemingly light-hearted and happy.

R. K. M.



## HER POINT OF VIEW.

SHOCKED PARENT.—"Lily, my dear! Do you consider cigar-ite-smoking a proper  
habit for a decorous young lady?"

DAUGHTER OF EMANCIPATED IDEAS.—"No, papa dear; if I thought it was, I'd —  
shoot it."

(*Papa is much relieved.*)





A Truly Representative American Exhibit,





hibit, arranged by Puck for the Paris Exhibition.





The above picture is designed to represent a theatre gallery in the "coolest house in New York," during the absence of the usher. It will be observed that the Danite in the front row has gained a great advantage over the only man present who had the hardihood to take off his hat. The presence of two colored men on the ends gives a prospect of minstrel entertainment at popular prices. The amount of smoking is remarkable, and there is reason to infer that the Hiberian with a pipe in his mouth is a dead-head. At the time the picture was drawn the usher had not returned.

### LITERARY NOTES.

REWEY, who lately made the *Press* to sparkle more brightly than graceless Worcester deserved, has gone to New Haven, where he will be connected with the *Register*.

THE CAMDEN *Post* is a journal of humorous abilities, and knows another of the same kind when it sees it. The *Post* has proved the possibility of narrow-gauge humor. It is little, but oh—Aristotle!

THE CINCINNATI *Saturday Night* is the steady and unfailing humorous luminary of the West, and the Fat Contributor has lost none of his wit, and we trust no more of his avoirdupois than he feels inclined to spare.

THE DOMINO PUBLISHING COMPANY has issued a paper devoted to the world of fashion, art, literature and the drama, and designed to take in a little of everything. The girl whom Keppler has drawn on the first page, is pretty enough to take in anyone.

THE BALTIMORE *Every Saturday* publishes very clever editorials—some of the best-written among our exchanges. And the spicy, yet judicial editorial is not a thing to be neglected, even if a paper has an intelligent pair of scissors and a competent man at the waste-basket.

THE WEEKLY EDITION OF THE *Boston Transcript* is the model of a literary newspaper in manner, matter and make-up. Its management shows not only careful edition; but a refined taste and an adherence to a higher standard than is customary among popular journals. It is pleasant, now and then, to come across a paper that is not run to cater to the Boeotians of Kalamazoo and Peoria.

### A PIANO QUESTION.

MODJESKA was recently invited to a party, and the daughter of the hostess played a Polish hymn. The Countess patiently waited till it was over and then called for Bozenta, and they hurried home. A lady, who was not present, was so overcome with the episode that she penned the following lines to express her emotions:

Deft hands called Chopin's music from the keys,  
Silent she sat, her slender figure's poise  
Flower-like and fine and full of lofty ease;  
She heard her Poland's most consummate voice  
From power to pathos falter, sink and change;  
The music of her land, the wond'rous high,  
Utmost expression of its genius strange—  
Incarnate sadness breathed in melody.  
Silent and thrilled she sat, her lovely face  
Flushing and paling like a delicate rose  
Shaken by summer winds from its repose,  
Softly this way and that with tender grace,  
Now touched by sun, now into shadow turned—  
While bright with kindred fire her deep eyes burned!

The Countess is entitled to some credit for waiting it out. It must have required a wonderful power of endurance. Perhaps it was that she did not know what song it was, or that she went to sleep during the rendition. The poetess, however, does Modjeska an injustice. It is all very nice to say "silent she sat." But what more could she have done under the circumstances? Was not this enough to do, or did the writer expect that the Countess would rise in her might and cast forth the fledgeling pianist?

### Answers for the Anxious.

NEGO.—No go.

HASELTINE.—Send it to her.

HORNET.—You disgrace your family. It has always been characterized by terminal warmth and brevity of temper; but hitherto it has commanded the respect of the world by steering clear of poetry. You are a degenerate scion.

DE COVERLY.—Your paragraphs are unquestionably brilliant efforts, and of high literary merit. Only you have mistaken the century for which you are writing. Your jokes are of the kind that were thought funny a hundred and fifty years ago. There is a Queen Anne flavor about them. You seem to be, on the whole, a sort of Eastlake humorist. Go to South Kensington. There you may be appreciated.

WELLINGTON.—We should much like to publish your sketch; but even if we made a serial of it and set it in nonpareil we should be obliged to take out our advertising pages and remove one picture. And at this time of year we hardly can do that. Cultivate brevity, Wellington.

J. G. K.—"When was Beethoven born?" Beethoven was born in the year 565 B.C., in Athens. That was the year his mother's old cow died. Beethoven was a very well-known and highly respected Athenian. He was the first to introduce Pilsener lager into Greece. He was not, as has been frequently asserted, the inventor of chewing gum. The disease of which the cow died is not positively known.

REX G.—Come down and state your grievances to the office telephone. Then we will grind out the harrowing tale the next time we are in a subdued and mournful mood. But don't put any more pathos into the recital than is absolutely necessary, or you will make the office-boy weep.





## PUCK'S ESSENTIAL OIL OF CONGRESS.

### THE AGRICULTURAL REPORTS.

*Shall Conger's speech on the garden seeds be printed? And, if so, are 2,000,000 copies sufficient? An interesting debate.*

Mr. Conger asked whether progress had been made in printing his speech on garden seeds. The country was anxiously awaiting its appearance.

Mr. Page said that unless it was soon ready, the Administration would suffer a severe blow. Confidence in it had already been severely shaken. It was of vital importance that the garden seed speech be printed. Otherwise the Agricultural Reports would be incomplete. Without them he saw little hope for the country.

A delegate inquired: "What is the good of these reports? Who do they benefit? What are they for?"

Mr. Hungerford said that he had remarked of late a growing disposition to deride the old-established practices of the government. Old rules were being put aside, old customs disregarded. If this thing continued, the day was not far distant when public officials would be accused of—

"Of what?" asked the delegate.

Mr. Hungerford said—"of dishonesty."

The very thought of this disconcerted the members, and many seemed quite ill at ease. The Speaker said he attributed this to the ill-ventilation of the House. A view in which Mr. Ben Butler coincided. "Another evidence," he said, "of the parsimony of the government."

Mr. Hungerford then pointed out the necessity of these Agricultural Reports. It was customary to print them by wholesale, and to distribute them gratis through the mails.

A delegate inquired whether this was not one of the causes why so many millions were lost on the Postal Service.

Mr. Hungerford did not heed the interruption. These reports were necessary in order to keep the public printing bill large. He had never reflected whether or not they were ever read by anyone. That was not material. What is the good of a government if we can't have Agricultural Reports?

Mr. Conger, at this point, gained the floor, to call attention to an error in printing his seed speech. In volume 32, page 316, "near the top," a comma had been misplaced. Instead of

"Themistocles, too, was fresh,"

he had been made to say

"Themistocles was too fresh."

He wished to be put right before his constituents.

A delegate suggested that no one would notice this trifling error.

Mr. Conger was completely overcome by this suggestion, and was speechless with rage.

Mr. Hungerford said that he appreciated the feelings of his colleague. He moved that the

error be corrected, and the entire edition of 2,000,000 be printed anew.

Mr. Morrison at this point remarked that hard times did not seem to prevail with the national government. The people's money was being squandered on gigantic volumes of Agricultural Reports. They were too cumbersome to read, too worthless to give away, and the elaborate binding renders them of no value for fuel. Large sums were being spent spontaneously for printing them, and the mails were fairly deluged with them. It was a wasteful and nonsensical extravagance. He had once taken the trouble to examine one of these Agricultural Reports and found nothing in it concerning agriculture, nothing but political harangues. The speech-makers know nothing of agriculture. On the first page he opened he found this passage:

"Gardeners should not mix their seeds. Potatoes cannot be grown from tomato seeds, or *vice versa*. You can get prune seeds at the druggists', but they come cheaper at wholesale than at retail. Carrots are larger when full-grown than otherwise."

Mr. Conger said this was "valuable information."

Mr. Morrison said it might be in Michigan, but it was, in his judgment, not valuable enough to pay for.

Mr. Cox at this point inadvertently and prematurely made his joke, and thus the discussion was brought to an abrupt close. The seed-speech will, of course, be printed as usual.

## THE AGE OF FABLE.

### I.—THE MEDIUM AND THE SKEPTIC.

As a Circulating Medium was in the act of Levitation at a dark Séance, while he was describing the Black Spirits and White by whom he was sustained in the air, an Inquiring Skeptic shed light on his Movements by turning on a Lantern he had concealed about his Person. The Circulating Medium came down from his Ladder, and said that he would be a Party to no such Trance-Action. And the Believers arose and cast forth the Inquiring Skeptic, who thereafter sought with his Lantern for an Honest Man in other Circles.

*Moral.*—Light, more Light.—A. Z., in *Scribner's Monthly*.

### II.—HERCULES AND THE CARTER.

A Carter, who had loaded his cart too heavily, was driving along a deep, miry lane, when the horses got stuck in the mud and couldn't draw the load out. Upon this the Carter began praying to Hercules to come to his assistance. Hercules, who chanced to be at his "club," heard his cries and yelled, "You old Stick-in-the-mud, put your shoulder to the wheel, whip your horses, and work your own way out." The Carter thereupon took a dray-pin and proceeded to beat his horses over the head with it, when an agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals came along and took him into custody; and the next day the police-judge fined him ten dollars for cruelty to animals, one half going to the officer and the other half to the judge.

*Moral.*—Let Hercules do what he may, the cat will mew, the horse won't stand an over-loaded dray.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

### III.—THE FOX AND THE WELL.

A Fox, looking earnestly into a Well to see if Truth was really at the bottom, lost his balance and fell in, which leads me to remark, that it is bad enough to part with a portion of one's equilibrium without losing the balance. The Fox could barely keep his head above water, do the best that he could, a predicament

in which very many foxes find themselves in these hard times.

Soon a Wolf came along and looked into the Well, when the Fox importuned him to help him out. The Wolf facetiously replied that he wasn't a windlass. "Alas!" cried the Fox, "don't give me wind. Go fetch a rope, a patent fire-escape, or something like that, by which I may get out of this." Then the Wolf told him how sorry he was to find him in such a plight. It showed, however, where too great a devotion to the cold water cause would bring a person. Then the Wolf walked off, softly singing, "You'll never miss the Water till the Well runs dry."

*Moral.*—Let well enough alone.—E. Soap, Esq., in *Cin. Saturday Night*.



## DRAMATIC NOTES.

GIVE an actor a good character part, and he will never depart from it.

THE "Exiles" have at last found level at the Bowery, and prevail there this week.

JOHN McCULLOUGH is coming to Booth's next year. When "Coriolanus" will be performed.

FROM the Grand Opera House John McCullough has departed, and where Rome was wont to howl, Tony Pastor and Billy Barry now sing.

"DIPLOMACY" still holds the boards at Wal-lack's, and it may be said that it holds the audience as well.

THERE is a gleam of sunlight in "Fritz" at the Standard, and it is interpreted by Miss Minnie Palmer.

THE principal reason for Aimée's playing outside of New York has been ascertained to be, to enable her to return here again.

THE "Chimes of Normandy" now echo from two houses. Marie Aimée and Emilie Melville personating the rival Normandy waifs.

THE ourang-outangs outnumber the Chimpanzees at the Aquarium; but the majority does not always rule, even in a piscatorial museum.

WHEN the Lingards come to the Park "Heart and Crown" will be played, Alice Dunning being the centric and individual attraction therein.

THE play of "Conscience" was played, so to speak, by martial amateurs at the Lyceum on Thursday evening for a charitable object. The badness of the rendition was in proportion to the excellence of the piece.

THERE is new light on the status of *Camille* being afforded at the Fifth Avenue Theatre this week. Signora Majeroni is affording it. What her husband lacks in dramatic art is more than made good by the number of his grimaces and contortions.



## A NEAR SHAVE.

SOME years ago I was accountant at the Yokohama branch of one of our great Indian banks. At the time of which I am writing the natives of Japan had not entirely lost that simplicity which made them pay so dearly for the civilization they now strut about in. The character of the lower classes had not yet been altered by innovation and reform, and the commercial relations between the sons of Nippon and the traders of the West resembled very much those which Mr. Diedrich Knickerbocker describes as existing between the Dutch traders and the aboriginal Americans under the happy reign of Van Twiller. Difficulties arose occasionally; for John Bull, wherever he has planted his foot, has shown himself generally to be a bit of a bully; and the Japanese, a high-spirited and warlike race, occasionally resented attempts at bullying by drawing their swords in remote, unfrequented places on solitary, defenseless foreigners; the result of which was that Her Britannic Majesty's chargé d'affaires, with very plausible grounds of excuse, generally extorted a pretty round sum from the native government, and by thus appealing to the touchiest point of the Japanese—their purses—procured for a certain interval tranquility and peace. However, the Japanese soon saw that the Western barbarians really meant nothing worse than trade and barter, so they dropped their pride and their swords, and descended to the arena on equal terms.

Trade was then good; there was less rivalry amongst bankers and merchants than at present, the greed for gain had not yet turned the heads of the natives, tea and silk paid well, and our half-yearly balance-sheets generally showed well on the right side. We had plenty of work to do, but we also had plenty of leisure, and at most times one of our staff could leave his duties for a few days' ramble up country, or a yachting expedition down the bay. For the information of those unacquainted with the office arrangements of the far East, it may be stated that all offices are divided into two distinct sections—the European and the Asiatic. In the European department are the manager or principal, the juniors, and the Portuguese clerks. All the head and book work is done here; there is no paying coin over the counter, or, in fact, any contact with the outer world beyond the mere inspection of drafts and checks handed in for payment. In the Asiatic section are the comprador, a Chinaman, generally speaking, the petty king of the whole establishment; the "shroffs," also Chinamen, who are the actual receiving and paying cashiers, and who have absolute charge of the counter business, subject, of course, to subsequent checking by the Europeans; and the Japanese coolies. At our bank a European always superintended the weighing of all dollars received during the day at the termination of business hours, saw them packed, and locked up in the treasury. Beyond this there was little interference with the hard money arrangements on the parts of the Europeans; and hence the comprador and shroffs were chosen, not only for their intimate knowledge of all the ins and outs of exchange, and of the thousand and one dodges of the natives, but for their birth, education, and respectability.

The tea season was well advanced and we were fairly busy; the weather was oppressively hot in our dusty settlement, so the European junior had a fortnight's leave for a ramble up country. I, as accountant, did his work as well as my own, and amongst the extra duties which devolved on me was the weighing of the dollars every evening, and seeing them safely locked up in the treasury. As I went into the office one morning, the comprador met me at

the door, grinning all over with excitement, and pointing to a paragraph in the daily paper which announced that one of the great native banks in Curio Street had been robbed of some five thousand pounds' worth of gold coin, and that no trace had yet been found either of the robbers or their booty, remarked: "I think that belong number one clever jobbery. S'pose we no can keep sharp look-out allo same happen to us." So I thought, and gave orders that the "momban" or night-guard should be doubled, that the treasury locks should be seen to, and that every precaution should be taken to guard against nocturnal visits.

One evening, some weeks after this, when autumn had fairly arrived and the days began to draw in, the comprador told me as we were putting the dollars into the treasury—I had got the notion into my head that I would see them in every night myself, notwithstanding that my junior had long since returned—that some Japanese of high birth and rural position, who had never been into a European settlement before, wished very much to see our treasury, which, from its strength and extent, had gained a name as one of the sights of Yokohama. After consulting with the manager, I acceded to the request, and was introduced to the visitors. They were three in number—a burly, simple-looking old man; his wife, a buxom damsel, many years younger; and a slim, wiry youth, with sharp, restless eyes, which seemed utterly at variance with his clownishly-cut clothes, and who seemed to be a sort of henchman or feudal retainer. They were soon in raptures over the big iron gates, the complicated locks, the solid plates of the walls, ceiling, and flooring, the symmetrical rows of dollar-bags, and the general appearance of security and strength. None more so than the slim retainer, who was even ultra Japanese in his curiosity, for he inspected locks and bolts, thumped and stamped on iron plates, and inquired incessantly into the dimensions and thickness of the walls, required minute explanation about the foundations—and all with the most artless Bœotian air imaginable. I, as showman, allowed them to inspect everything to their hearts' content, carefully, however, inserting myself between them and the dollar-bags, for I had little faith in the immaculate character even of high-bred, rustic Japanese, especially when I called to mind the late great robbery. They must have remained a long half-hour before I suggested that they should come round to the "Junior Hong;" and, as I locked the treasury doors behind them, I think I recollect a twinkle in the eyes of the old comprador as he prepared to take himself off to his opium-pipe behind. However, I treated them to a bottle of Heidseick, filled their pouches with Bristol birdseye, and said good-bye in the most affectionate manner at the gates. Then I started for a spin on the running-path, as our animal athletic sports were shortly coming off, and I was in hard training.

It was pretty dark as I came back. Yokohama in those days could not boast of a solitary street oil-lamp, much less a gas-jet, and we had literally to feel our way with the uncertain aid of lanterns from house to house. Still it was not so dark but that I could distinguish three figures on the pathway opposite, in front of a large bungalow, which had been to let for some months past—a large house, with a prolific garden in front, in the midst of which was a huge azalea-bush, another of the sights of Yokohama. The three figures were close together; I could distinguish two men and a woman; and, unless my eyes played me woefully false, they were my rustic friends of the afternoon. However, I thought no more about it, and turned in to dinner. In another day or two, we heard that the bungalow opposite had been let to a highly respectable firm of Japan-

ese merchants, who intended to live there in European style. Workmen were to be seen day and night, repairing, repainting, and generally doing-up the place; brand-new furniture was discharged at the doors in van-loads; the garden, which had become neglected and overgrown with weeds, was replanted and trimmed up; and in a very short time the mouldy old residence had assumed a spick-and-span appearance, which made it a prominent feature on the road.

Matters went on in the usually somewhat monotonous fashion of Yokohama at this season of the year; no more big robberies had been reported; nevertheless I still kept the double guard on the premises, and never lost sight of the idea, that any relaxation of vigilance might lure daring schemers to make an attempt on our dollar-bags one of these autumn evenings.

One evening I was returning from my usual spin on the running-path, and was passing the gate of the bungalow in front of our bank, when something struck me as peculiar in the aspect of the place. On nearer examination I found that the giant azalea bush had disappeared. At five o'clock, when I left the bank, I could swear it was there, but as I now peered through the bars of the gate, there was certainly nothing to be seen. This was very extraordinary, for the Japanese are such intense lovers of all that is striking, or picturesque, or beautiful in nature, that the removal of an object such as this gigantic azalea, merely for the sake of convenience, would be in their eyes a gross act of vandalism. I was looking further into the garden to see if by chance it had been transplanted, and at the end of the piece of ground another unaccountable sight presented itself. Through a side-entrance coolies were unloading a cart of dollar-boxes as fast as they could, and by the uncertain glimmer of a lantern I could see that the man in the cart was my burly visitor of some time previous, and that the man at the house-door was he of the sharp eyes and inquisitive turn of mind, associated with the same visit. What did this mean? If men wanted dollar-boxes in the ordinary course of business, they had them in during the day-time, and not at seven o'clock in the evening. Besides, what could tea and silk dealers want with dollar-boxes? At the time, I put the disappearance of the azalea-bush down to the energy with which the proprietors of the house were embracing foreign notions—the dollar-box question was too much for me.

Judge of my surprise, when the next morning I beheld the azalea-bush in its accustomed place! I certainly wasn't in any way affected by liquor the previous evening, for I was in strict training, and the disappearance of the huge azalea-bush would have been a trick too great, even for the eyes of a drunken man to be deceived by it. Putting this and the dollar-box business together, I am sorry to say that I began to suspect my rustic friends, but I resolved to wait till the evening, in order to have my suspicions verified. True enough, as I passed the gate at the same hour as on the previous evening, the azalea-bush was gone, and nothing but a bare uneven space marked its site. Well, I knew that azalea-bushes are not, even in eccentric Japan, put out during the daytime, and taken in at night to nurse like tender, delicate exotics, so I called the comprador, told him what I had remarked, and desired him to watch for a night. He told the same story, and my suspicions were confirmed, that something of an extraordinary nature was going on somewhere in the neighborhood of the bungalow over the way. I set men to watch for the actual operation of carting away the bush, but on the nights when they watched, it remained undisturbed. One man reported that at midnight he had seen the glim of lanterns flitting about in the garden, had heard voices and the sounds of digging, and I



watched myself for a night or two, but saw or heard nothing. I put the native police on the scout, but nothing came of it, and I began to think that, after all, it was merely a piece of Japanese eccentricity.

In about a week the athletic sports came off, which meant two half-holidays for the whole settlement, during which time Chinamen devoted their attention to opium-smoking and sleeping, and Japanese to drinking and lounging in wine-shops. On the evening of the last day, to celebrate the victories won, and the cessation from the bondage of training, we of the "Junior Hong" gave a big dinner. It was a cold wet night in November, and after a good bout at loo and vingt-et-un, we were seated in the drawing-room, talking about the funny phases of our Yokohama life; of the fires, of the stories of men cut down and robbed by Japanese in lonely places, of the extremely clever way in which the Curio Street bankers had been relieved of their gold, of the game laws, of the absurd opposition offered by the government to Europeans going up country, and of a hundred other things, when a boy came in, and whispered in my ear that the comprador wished to see me. In the passage I found the old man, trembling from head to foot with excitement, and utterly unable to articulate a syllable. He seized me by the arm, hurried me down-stairs through our strip of garden to the gate, and simply pointed to the bungalow opposite. The rain had changed to snow, and the keen wind blew down the street in fitful gusts, driving the snow into our faces. Through the mist and snowflakes, after some peering, I could make out the occasional glint of a lantern on the other side, and when the wind lulled for a moment, fancied I heard a grating sound, as of something being dug and shoveled up, immediately under our feet. If I hadn't been told that such a noise had been distinctly heard during the evening by one of the coolies on watch, I do not suppose I should have noticed it, but as I now listened, it was very palpable.

It was all very mysterious; but I had long been suspicious, and, as I was now certain that something unusual was taking place, I came to the conclusion that the treasury of the bank should be looked at. So I sent upstairs for the manager, placed the comprador at the door, ordered all lights to be kept hidden, dispatched a messenger to the European police-station for a constable in case of need, and when the manager arrived, armed myself with a black lantern and gently unlocked the treasury. As we peered through the iron bars into the blackness we distinctly heard the shoveling and digging sound, now much nearer. Enjoining strict silence on the part of the Chinamen and coolies outside, we entered. As yet nothing had been touched. We were, at all events, first in the field.

We trod very gently, the lantern half-darkened, and ensconced ourselves behind a row of dollar-bags. We waited fully half an hour; we could still hear the subterranean noises, but, beyond this and the occasional howl of the elements outside, there was not a sound. Suddenly we heard a very gentle tap in the very middle of the treasury, about three feet in front of our rampart of bags; then another; then a regular series; then a sound as of the application of some lever-power. We turned the lantern-ray round about the floor, and beheld one of the big plates gradually being tilted up; the manager nudged me, and crept gently up to the spot. In a couple of minutes three sides of the plate were loose; a bony hand appeared, followed by a Japanese head.

In an instant the manager had seized the head; I had jumped forward, turned the light full on, between us we had dragged up the remainder of our visitor's body, and in less than a minute I was smiling with grim satisfaction

in the stupefied face of my slim and inquisitive visitor of some weeks previous. We gagged him, and tied him up in the office under guard; the manager ran out at the gate into the garden opposite, taking with him the English constable, whilst I remained in the treasury. In a few seconds I heard the sound of a scuffle, and a subsequent "Hurrah! we've got the lot!" and manager and constable appeared with the burly companion of the captive now under guard, and the fair-cheeked young wife, who turned out to be a very ordinary peasant-woman. Our captives secured, I descended the hole in the treasury, found myself in a very neatly-constructed cavern, which led under the road into the opposite garden, and terminating with a shaft on the site of the azalea-bush. Everything tended to show that the whole affair was a carefully-laid plan; and had it not been for the azalea-bush, another twenty-four hours would have seen us the losers of a good many thousand dollars. In the bungalow we found boxes ready for the reception of the dollars and coin, probably the same I had noticed being uncared, but there was no trace of any accomplice.

However, we handed the three clever rogues over to their countrymen for judgment, and they probably found rough accommodation, with an occasional taste of torturing thrown in, for some years at the institution on Tobé Hill. The old bungalow did not let again, but was pulled down and a substantial block of shops and offices erected on its site; so that nothing remains at present to remind the modern Yokohama banker of what we termed, when we told the story, "A near shave!"



### Puck's Exchanges.

THE earth worm, hollow and without bones, appears to have been made on purpose to fit a fish-hook.—*N. O. Picayune.*

IF a man should happen to marry that two-headed and four-legged lady, could he be indicted for bigamy?—*Bridgeport Standard.*

SOMEONE who speaks from the card says Miss Fremont has the handsomest hand in America. Hence why does she go it alone?—*Rochester Democrat.*

A WEST HILL boy wandered into a Jefferson Street drug store yesterday, and wanted to buy ten cents' worth of fly-paper "to make kites of."—*Hawkeye.*

A NEWSPAPER man, who breaks the Sabbath, explains himself thus: "If fish are wicked enough to bite on Sunday, they ought to suffer for it."—*Unknown Genius.*

THERE is something sad about a harp, but whether it's the tone or the collection taken up by the player is what puzzles the philosophical mind.—*Detroit Free Press.*

SCENE in a railway carriage: Fond wife—"Let me see your paper a moment, dear." Husband—"Yes, my darling, as soon we get to the tunnel."—*Stray Ex.*

MARK TWAIN told a newspaper reporter that he was going abroad in order to find a quiet place to write, where he would not be disturbed once a day. It is singular that it never occurred to him to remain at home and secure a desk in a store that doesn't advertise.—*Norr. Herald.*

BE charitable. Never refuse even an animal a favor. When you see a mad dog coming along, give him his little bite before turning him away.—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald.*

Do not try to console a bow-legged man by telling him that "a curved line is the line of beauty." It is safer to wait till you leave town, and then console him by postal card.—*Worcester Press [last gasp.]*

NARVAEZ was a Spanish soldier and a devout Catholic. As he was about to die the priest asked: "Do you forgive your enemies?" The reply was a grim one: "I haven't any; I shot them all."—*Historical Paraphraser.*

MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS has tried his hand at many things. He made an indifferent Governor, a respectable Senator, a mediocre President of a fungoid Confederacy, and an undignified captive. But he cannot be said to have utterly failed until he set up as a martyr.—*Phil. North American.*

YES, the President's Southern policy is working wonders in the late Confederate States. Three years ago negroes were murdered by masked assassins. Now, under the improved order of things, it is not considered necessary to conceal their identity when they want to dispatch a colored man.—*Norristown Williams.*

THIS is Joaquin Miller's latest: He met a lady on Fifth Avenue. He fixed his eyes dreamingly upon her. She remained immobile, whereupon he remarked: "I will leave this place, where there is neither life nor love." He's gone to Europe, thank goodness.—*Boston Post.*

HON. DAVID M. KEY was satisfied in his own mind, more than a year ago, that Hayes was never elected to the Presidency, and yet he so far sacrificed his own feelings in the matter as to accept a Cabinet position. The real heroes are those who can forget and forgive, and get an office.—*N. O. Picayune.*

"THERE is nothing new under the sun," remarked Solomon, the wise king. "How about neuralgia?" asked Rehoboam, walking into the palace with his jaw tied up in red flannel, and the faint, far away odor of old Robertson-county arnica on his mustache. The monarch scowled and said he hoped the kingdom of Israel hadn't got down to running a paragrapher's association just yet.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

JOHN P. MOORE, a New York millionaire, who was robbed of \$35,000 in bonds on the street the other day, has presented the officers who ran the thief down and restored the plunder with \$20. We hope Mr. Moore was thoughtful enough to get a receipt from the officers. But it is likely he wasn't. He is of too impulsive a nature to think of it.—*Danbury News.*

THERE are 60,000 more women than men in Massachusetts; but two-thirds of this preponderance are widows. Young man, think of those 40,000 desolate graves and neglected tombstones, and don't, unless you wish to soon become like one of those.—*Boston Society—P. Ginn.*

#### FINANCIAL VALUES IN "RIP VAN WINKLE."

Reference to score on shutter,	\$ 1.00
Song,	.10
Dance,	.05
Advice to children,	50.00
Going out in the rain,	100.00
Sleeping 20 years on a damp mountain, at \$30 a year,	600.00
Taking care of unsigned deed,	20.00
Making up with Gretchen,	.50
Sundries, to balance,	28.35
Total, each evening,	\$800.00
—Arithmetical Paraphraser of Boston Society.	



SEVERAL years ago a young man put a handsome sum of money in a savings bank, and forgot all about it until recently. The interest that naturally accrued on his capital fairly astonished him, as did the fact that the bank had failed soon after taking his money.—*N. O. Picayune.*

HOYT's nomination is not considered so certain that the Don's presence can be dispensed with at the coming Republican convention. He will leave his blushing bride to the delightful company of his six children, and pull the wires for the perpetuation of the tottering house of Cameron.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

KIMBALL, the church-debt raiser, was persuaded to attack the debt of a New York daily newspaper a few days ago, and he was thrown seven to eight. He sustained a sprained back and a fracture of the left clavicle. He says he is not a Samson.—*Norr. Herald.*

THE question has been raised as to whether or not a widow of two deceased soldiers can draw pensions on both counts within the meaning of the pension law. It has been decided that the man cannot be too deceased for the widow's purpose.—*N. O. Picayune.*

SOME one has discovered that there is actually a law in force which permits money to be carried as baggage. Since this is the case we may travel considerably this year. It was the supposed absence of such a law that kept us at home so much.—*Norristown Herald.*

HE was a traveler for a New York house, and while on the train he chanced to meet a very agreeable young lady from Boston, but ere he had been in her company half an hour he was compelled to improve on Byron as follows: "Maid of Athens, ere we part, give, oh, give me back my watch and chain, pocket-book, gold pencil, ivory-handled penknife and cigar case, or I'll give you up to the authorities at the next station." She gave them back.—*Danbury News.*

THE item, yesterday, stating that the pronunciation of "Schurz" is "shirts" and that consequently the clerks in the interior Department are "undershirts," has called out the following from a correspondent: "If the clerks in the Interior Department are 'undershirts,' the purity of the civil service requires that they should be changed oftener than once in four years."—*Fitchburg Sentinel.*

THE vagaries of the moral sphere are a criterion of human value. Contemplating and observing their specific inclinations, and comprehending their special part in the completion of the chain interlinking their definite centre, we experience readily the characteristic feature predominating in each, and are sensitive of the bearing of individual whims.—*Niagara Index (Amateur).*

MAD. WELLS has begun a libel suit against the Philadelphia Times for having accused him of stealing mules. Judging from the leading characteristics of the present Administration, and in view of the fact that Wells helped to steal it, we should say the evidence of his having stolen one mule was conclusive.—*Boston Post.*

THE Florida development? Yes, my dear Pelton, yes. Everything is working beautifully. Florida will keep my name before the public several weeks. Then we shall pay our attention to South Carolina. Then something else will turn up. Meanwhile Monty Blair will keep pounding away, and I shall have boils and go to Long Branch, and something new shall be developed month by month; so that when the next national convention meets I shall be the most conspicuous person this side of the usurper Hayes. He, he! it's all right, Pelty, all right!—*S. J. Tilden, in the Buffalo Express.*

## APOLLINARIS NATURAL Mineral Water, The Queen of Table Waters. HIGHLY EFFERVESCENT.

Dr. J. MILNER FOTHERGILL, London. "The Exquisite Apollinaris: A Delicious Beverage."  
Prof. J. A. WANKLYN, St. George's Hosp., London. "Highly Effervescent, Wholesome, and absolutely Pure; superior to all others."  
Dr. R. OGDEN DOREMUS. "Absolutely pure and wholesome; superior to all for daily use; free from all the objections urged against Croton and artificially aerated waters."  
Dr. PETER HOOD, President of the Hert. Medical Society, &c. "Superior to Vichy and Vals."  
PETER SQUIRE, F. L. S., Chemist to the Queen. 10th Edition of COMPANION TO THE BRITISH PHARMACOPÆIA. "Exhilarating; Good for Sickness, Dyspepsia, and Loss of Appetite."  
C. MacNAMARA, F. R. C. S., C. S. I., Surgeon to Westminster Hosp., London. "More Wholesome and Refreshing than Soda or Seltzer Water."  
HERMAN WEBER, M. D., F. R. C. P., Physician to the German Hosp., London. "Of great value in lithic acid diathesis, in catarrh of the bladder, and of the respiratory organs; agreeable and useful."

**FREDERICK DE BARY & CO.,**  
41 & 43 Warren Street, NEW YORK.  
Sole Agents for United States and Canadas.  
FOR SALE BY DEALERS, GROCERS AND DRUGGISTS.  
Every genuine bottle bears the Yellow label.

**Gaff, Fleischmann & Co's**  
THE ORIGINAL INTRODUCERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF  
**COMPRESSED YEAST**  
Notify the public that all preparations not bearing this well known TRADE MARK and the Signature of Gaff, Fleischmann & Co's  
AND YET BEING SOLD AS  
**COMPRESSED YEAST**  
ARE WORTHLESS IMITATIONS  
ASK YOUR GROCER FOR  
**Gaff, Fleischmann & Co's**  
GENUINE ARTICLE

**DENTAL OFFICE,**  
162 West 23d Street. Between 6. & 7. Aves.  
The undersigned begs leave to inform the public that she continues her Dental business as heretofore, and that the most skillful work of her old and renowned place is now to be had at prices to suit the times.  
New York, May 8, 1878. Most respectfully,  
**PHILIPPINE DIEFFENBACH-TRUCHSESS.**

A MICHIGAN judge has decided that a law prohibiting barbers from pursuing their calling on Sunday is unconstitutional. It is not more unconstitutional than idiotic. A Sunday law to prevent horse-car drivers, clergymen and cooks from working will be in order next.—*N. O. Picayune.*

MURPHY managed to dispose of a thousand yards of blue ribbon in Gotham on Sunday.—*Boston Post.* It looks like a case of delirium trimmins.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

CONGRESSMAN Why-We-Laugh-Cox has been entertaining the House with the story of "A mill by a dam site." Such little gags become original with Sunset years after they have been used up in variety halls by Dutch comedians.—*N. O. Picayune.*

## THE GREAT EUROPEAN NOVELTY. HUNYADI JÁNOS. The Best Natural Aperient.



The Lancet. — "Hunyadi Janos. — Baron Liebig affirms that its richness in aperient salts surpasses that of all other known waters."

The British Medical Journal. — "Hunyadi Janos. — The most agreeable, safest, and most efficacious aperient water."

PROFESSOR VIRCHOW, Berlin. "Invariably good and prompt success; most valuable."

PROFESSOR BAMBERGER, Vienna. "I have prescribed these Waters with remarkable success."

PROFESSOR SCANZONI, Wurzburg. "I prescribe none but this."

PROFESSOR LAUDER BRUNTON, M. D., F. R. S., London. "More pleasant than its rivals, and surpasses them in efficacy."

PROFESSOR AITKEN, M. D., F. R. S., Royal Military Hospital, Netley. "Preferred to Pullna and Friedrichshall."

### A Wineglassful a Dose.

INDISPENSABLE TO THE TRAVELLING PUBLIC.  
Every genuine bottle bears the name of THE APOLLINARIS CO. (limited), London.

**Fred'k De Bary & Co.,**  
41 & 43 WARREN STREET,  
NEW YORK.

Sole Agents for the United States and Canada.

FOR SALE BY DEALERS, GROCERS, AND DRUGGISTS.

The Label on every genuine Bottle is printed on BLUE paper.

**Chrony**  
**PORTRAITS,**  
37 Union Square, New York.  
ELEVATOR.

### NOTICE.

No. 26 (issue of September 5th, 1877) of "Puck" will be bought at this office, No. 13 North William Street, at full price.

**MATHESIUS & FREY,**  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
**CABINET FURNITURE**

Fashionable Upholstery, Decorations, &c.,  
at Prices to suit the times. Every Article guaranteed.  
91 BLEECKER ST., NEW YORK.

OUR lady burlesque artists will soon wear prismatically-reflecting glass slippers woven of flexible glass. I suppose beer-schooners will be half-soled and heeled for the comedians to use.—*P. Ginn, in Boston Society.*

It is time for the oldest Odd Fellow to die. The oldest Mason died some weeks ago.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Now savagely from roof to roof

The pussy-cat is driven,

For her there is no sweet repose

Nor peace nor quiet given;

She hath not where to lay her head,

A vagrant's pangs do fill'er.

But soon the summer time will come

And bring the caterpillar.

—*Yonkers Gazette.*



# PUCK'S Pictorial Department

## SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

HAVING completed all necessary arrangements, and in compliance with numerous requests, the publishers and proprietors of Puck take pleasure in announcing that they have opened a

## GENERAL DESIGNING OFFICE,

where the services of the best artists in America, including those of the distinguished cartoonist,

### Mr. JOSEPH KEPPLER,

are employed in furnishing all kinds of Illustrations, in the most perfect style, on short notice, and at reasonable rates. The

### Theatrical Profession

will find it to their especial advantage, in arranging for

### LITHOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS,

to apply at this office, where Mr. JOSEPH KEPPLER is in personal charge of the department.

Address,

**Puck Publishing Company,**  
**13 N. WILLIAM ST.,**

### Friedrichshall

## BITTERWATER

THE ONLY PURE AND RELIABLE,

Owes its great reputation to the happy proportions of its ingredients, which have constituted it an unapproachable and indispensable remedy for constipation, indigestion, obstruction, piles, chronic disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, gout, plethora and rush of blood to the head, hypochondria, melancholy, lassitude, impurity of the blood and skin, eruptions or blotches.

Sir Henry Thompson and Baron von Liebig certify to its incontestable merits.

Dose, one or two wineglassfuls every morning. Particularly appropriate for the spring of the year.

Sold everywhere and by the Agents,

**BOUCHÉ FILS & CO., 37 Beaver St., N. Y.**

### PACHTMANN & MOELICH,

363 CANAL ST., N. Y.,

offer great Bargains in

WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY, STERLING SILVER AND TRIPLE PLATED TABLE WARES.

WEDDING AND HOLIDAY GIFTS in endless variety at close prices.

ESTABLISHED 1838.

### THE BLACK AND COLORED PRINTING INKS

USED ON THIS PAPER ARE MANUFACTURED BY

### FRED'K H. LEVEY & CO.,

PRINTING INK MANUFACTURERS,

32 Beekman Street, NEW YORK.

### NICOLL, The Tailor,

139-149 Bowery.

PANTS to order.....\$3.00 to \$10.00  
SUITS to order.....\$12.00 to \$40.00  
OVERCOATS to order.....\$12.00 upwards.

### PUCK'S ALMANAC FOR 1878.

THE MOST REMARKABLE  
EVER PRINTED.

CONTAINING:—

(But why should the contents be thus publicly exposed?)

Price, 15 Cents.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

## PATENT COVERS FOR FILING PUCK.

PRICE \$1.00 EACH.

FOR SALE AT "PUCK" OFFICE,

13 North William Street, New York.

## BACK NUMBERS OF PUCK

CAN BE SUPPLIED ON DEMAND.

Willmer & Rogers News Co.,

31 Beekman Street,  
NEW YORK.

ADDRESS,  
OR,

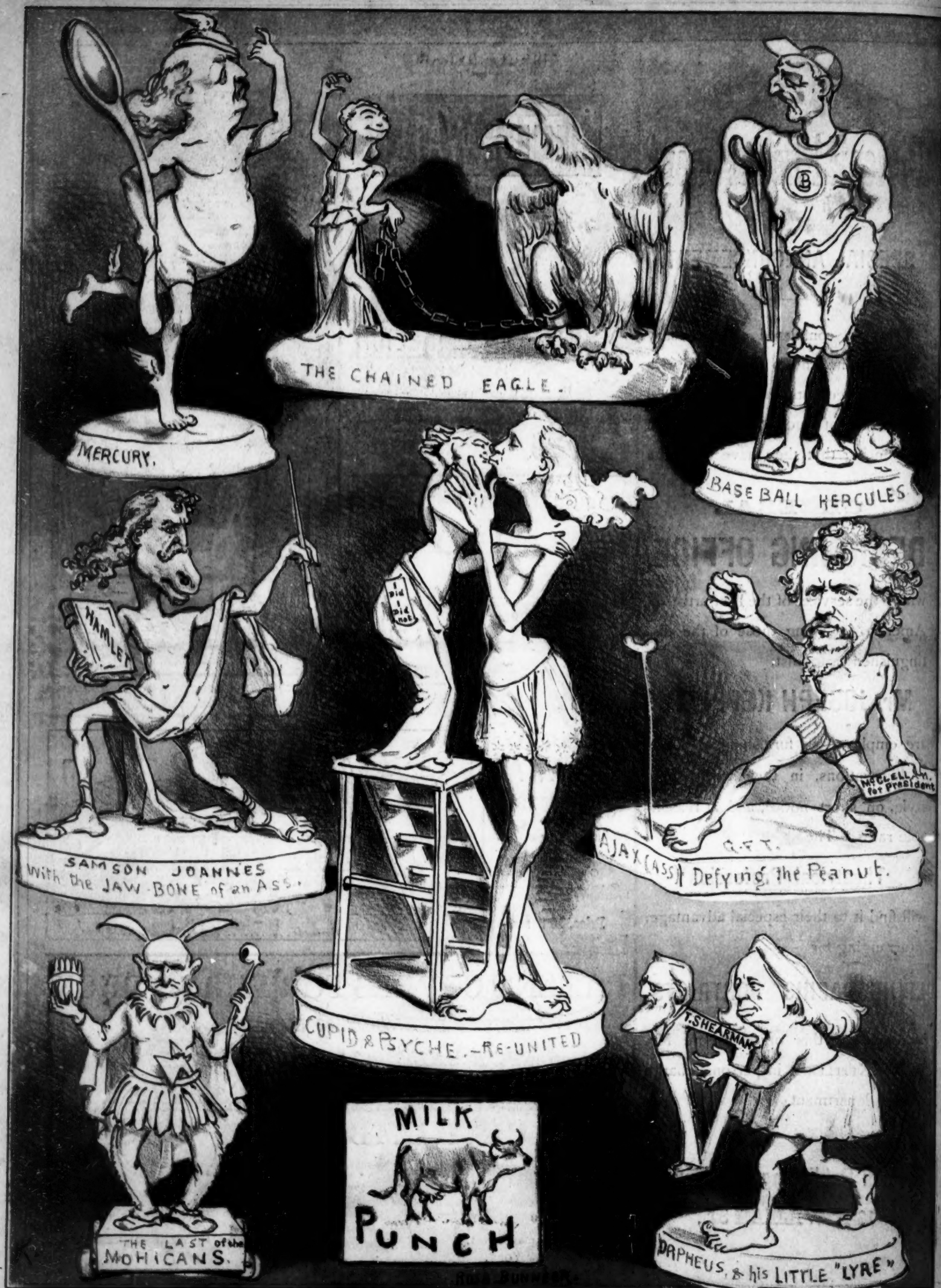
Publishers "Puck"

13 North William Street,  
NEW YORK.

### Otto Stietz' New York Glass Letter Co.,

611 BROADWAY 611





AMERICA'S STATUARY EXHIBIT AT PARIS.